

# The Saturday News

ALBERTA

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## Note and Comment

A year ago the people of this part of the world were very much interested in the British elections. At that time they had to go a long distance from home to find any real political excitement. But conditions have changed in the interval and it is doubtful if our newspapers will give very much attention to the contest now in full swing. But it is a very pretty sight nevertheless and well worth paying attention to.

A week from today about eighty constituencies vote, mostly in Lancashire and London, and the final result will be known by the end of the month.

The issue is a straight one. Are the Lords to exercise the power that they have in the affairs of the nation in the past? Mr. Asquith denies that he is aiming at a single chamber system, but this would unquestionably be the effect of his proposals. The second chamber would continue to exist but its power to affect legislation would be curtailed to such an extent that a ministry which had not its confidence need no longer fear.

The veto resolutions adopted in the Commons last March deny all rights to the Upper House to interfere with money bills. They provide that any other measure which has passed the Commons in three consecutive sessions and has as often been rejected by the Lords is to become law without their being consulted further. At least two years must elapse from the introduction of the bill and the passing of it for the third time, to legalise it, without the Lords' consent. In this way the Upper House may delay legislation but cannot permanently prevent it. As things are now a government at odds with the Lords is forced to appeal to the people in order to bring pressure to bear that is sufficient to enforce its will. Under Mr. Asquith's proposal, this would no longer be necessary. The premier would only have to maintain himself in power for two years to get what he wanted.

The Lords on their part have declared their willingness to have a reform of the chamber effected. Resolutions to that end were passed just recently. They are willing to abandon the principle by which a peer sits purely by hereditary right but would have members of the peerage elect representatives, as do those of Ireland and Scotland now. The House should, according to Lord Lansdowne, be further strengthened from outside by nomination and election.

That the Lords by putting themselves so clearly on record in favor of a reform of the constitution of their chamber will take the wind to a large measure out of the sails of their opponents is not at all unlikely. How profoundly opposed the Britisher is to radical change we all know and now that the peers have shown a disposition to be reasonable, there will undoubtedly be many, particularly those who view what they call the socialist tendencies of the dominant party with suspicion, who will come to the conclusion that the time is opportune to strengthen their hands.

Those Conservatives who are opposed to the tariff reform propaganda, and whose defeat in 1906 was mainly responsible for the tremendous Liberal majority on that occasion are flocking back to the old standard this year in much larger numbers than they did on the last appeal to the country and their influence is bound to be considerable. They believe that the first necessity is to stem the social and political revolution which they hold the government by its advanced legislation is aiming at. Having administered a rebuff to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, they propose to turn their attention to the task of keeping Britain true to Free Trade.

It is an unsafe thing to make any too confident prediction as to any election result, even though you are closely in touch with conditions. In the present case, accurate information

is particularly difficult to obtain. But the indications are that the ministry will not have the majority that it did last January and that it is in considerable danger of defeat.

It is hard to credit the despatch from Belfast which tells of the drawing up of a solemn declaration refusing to pay rates or taxes imposed by a Dublin parliament or obey its decree while \$50,000 was subscribed in the spot to organise the Ulstermen into regiments and purchase arms.

If the parliament of Ireland is established under the Crown, and it is certain that it will never be established otherwise, how can loyal subjects contemplate such action as this?

Last week some attention was devoted on this page to the Bulletin's contention respecting the public domain, which many people think should be handed over to the province by the Dominion, the subject having been reintroduced by Mr. Bramley Moore's resolution in the Legislature. The Bulletin made the statement that the domain could not be made a source of revenue, if properly administered. The recently issued report of the department of the Interior throws some light on this point. It shows that between Sept. 1st, 1908, when the provision regarding pre-emptions came into force and July 31st of the present year, 40,841 pre-emptions and 2,926 purchased leases have been recorded in the western offices of the Dominion Government. This represents a prospective income of \$21,000,000, that is now accruing, irrespective of the amount of interest through a course of years will also be a matter of millions. And these pre-empted and homestead sales are still going on, and are still piling up a financial reserve.

According to these figures the Dominion is receiving revenue at the rate of a million dollars a month from this source alone. It proposes to spend the money on the Hudson's Bay Road. But are there not purposes to which Alberta could devote its share of this sum to greater advantage? And it is not, it should be remembered, from the lands that the greatest part of the revenue, incidental to the possession of the public domain, must come.

It is to timber and mineral wealth that Alberta, at least, would look to relieve treasury burdens.

The Canadian Courier says: "Mr. Warman, the author, made a slashing attack on the Hudson's Bay Railway proposal the other day at Edmonton. The 'way he calls it' is 'pig-dream' scheme I ever heard of." Mr. Warman is a professional humorist, but he wasn't joking this trip. The poet of the steel rails went into a account of the situation. Some fat-posting thought he had cold feet when he said: 'What would the railway do with their rolling stock during the months that the Hudson's Bay was closed up?' Cy is of the opinion — Edmonton to Prince Rupert is the route. The G. T. P. R. arteries should draw up all the traffic from Saskatchewan, 1,700 miles nearer to the Orient, than are the farmers shipping out grain over the border in Minnesota. The Hudson's Bay railroads would be leaving for their winter fressides just about the time that the golden No. 1 hard was dibbling out of their threshing spout which would mean that it would have to rest up on the Bay among the cool breezes till the melting season comes. In the Arctic would not be cheap either forty cents a bushel. The Pacific ports are fanned by the gentle breezes all year round. But then one must not forget that Cy and the Grand Trunk are related."

Granted that the latter statement is correct, isn't Warman on the right track? The more the possibilities of trade expansion by way of the Pacific

## Fathers of the Boy Scout Movement



General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, who visited Edmonton last summer, is in the centre. The man to his right is Ernest Thompson-Seton, the famous naturalist who is now busy telling easterners of the great country north of Edmonton, which he visited last year. The third in the group is Dan Beard, the cartoonist. Messrs. Thompson-Seton and Mr. Beard have been very active in the boy scout movement across the line and the above picture was taken during Gen. Baden-Powell's stay in that country.

fe are studied the more apparent does it become that at least Alberta's cruelty of a great foreign trade lie in this direction. Nor are we indulging in a dream—that will have to wait for the long-distant future to be realised. The Panama Canal, it is definitely announced, is to be finished by 1915. It will probably take that long to complete the Grand Trunk so that the year mentioned may be looked forward to as an annus mirabilis in the history of the province.

Those who are in the habit of talking about the "good old times" are often brought up with a sudden start. For instance, the other day, the Winnipeg Free Press in its reproduction of its file of 25 years ago reported 235 deaths from smallpox in Montreal during the previous week and 200 the week before. Today the disease has practically no terror for us. Not long ago a writer in the New York Sun remarked: "What a beautiful city this was in 1864," which brought about this highly interesting rejoinder from a correspondent:—

"As an old timer I offer my dissent. It contained less than a million inhabitants, its streets were ailingly paved and improvidently cleaned. The snow was never removed. Its public markets were filthy and infested with rats, and only about one in every ten of the stall keepers of meats, mutter, etc., were served as icebox. Its cars and stages were unheated, filled with foul straw, and furnished with cushioned seats alive with vermin."

"It had no paid Fire Department, its police consisted of a lot of decrepit foreigners, the vilest corruption prevailed in public office, the tax rate was higher than now and hundreds of houses on Greenwich, Water, Amity, Greene, Wooster, and other streets boldly proclaimed their character by signs and inscriptions on door lamps."

"There was no Board of Health, and 1,400 feil victims to cholera in 1866. Smallpox epidemics occurred each winter, and at least one out of every ten persons bore the pitting of smallpox. Babies slaughtered under their own chosen conditions. There was no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-

## The Political Situation

Two weeks ago, when the first alarming reports went abroad as to Mr. Sifton's intentions in regard to the A. and G. W. proposition, The Saturday News refused to credit them. Last week their correctness was all too apparent. Now after a discussion of the proposals for some days in the Legislature, the public is beginning to grasp into what a mass of difficulties the head of the government is leading his party to believe him to be.

But this is far from all. It is bad enough to have the opening up of the north country delayed. That will affect the future of Alberta very materially but to nothing like the same extent as would the damaging blow which the province's credit must suffer outside of the delay in the reconstruction of this particular railway line, is not that of the broad gauge public man that we had to

trust to believe him to be.

There are two phases to the question. One has to do with the effect on the future of the north country. This was dealt with at length on this page last week. The opening up of our hinterland is an absolute necessity if the City of Edmonton is to realise its dream of becoming a large centre. How strongly the citizens feel on this point was made clear at the meeting on Monday evening when a very large crowd stood in the open-air with the thermometer touching zero and heard the local leaders of each party give their opinions in no uncertain fashion. On the Friday before, the senior representative of the city, Mr. Cross, in reply to the Premier, set forth in a singularly clear and forceful speech, the need for such a line in the interests of the province as a whole, laying particular stress on the very real danger of Alberta's being cut off from the northern country by the construction of lines from Battleford or Prince Albert. Both of these places are pushing forward such projects. The ex-attorney-general, while emphasising that the road meant to Edmonton and its immediate territory, pointed out that the development which would ensue, particularly in connection with mineral and timber wealth, must redound to the prosperity of every section. He appealed to the sense of fairness of the southern members. It was quite possible, if the C. P. R. had been built through Edmonton, as was originally intended, there would now a larger population north than south of the city. It was all a matter of transportation. If this had happened, it was quite conceivable that instead of having Mr. Cote urging the building of a colonization line into his constituency, the member for Cardston would be making such a request for his part of the province.

On Monday Mr. Cote set forth a mass of new and valuable testimony to the resources of the country that would be tapped, all fully hearing out that which was presented on this page a week ago. Next day Mr. Cornwall added to the testimony from the wealth of his personal experience.

The importance of all this cannot be overestimated. The Saturday News has from the first been thoroughly convinced that the project meant a new economic era for Alberta, and that in making the Dominion at one point more than a narrow territory stretching along the United States border, it was of real national significance. An abandonment of it is not in keeping with the spirit of our people and calls for opposition of the most determined character.

It is hinted that if the Premier's bill goes through he will proceed to take new arrangements for the building of the line. But up to the time of writing, we have absolutely no assurance on this point. All that we know is that Mr. Sifton has his way, money borrowed for this particular purpose will be diverted to objects entirely foreign to it and that all the expenditure that has been made by the company, which undertook to build to Fort McMurray, will be so much wasted.

We wonder that a man of Mr. Sifton's sagacity would propose such a move, alienating those who have given him the most loyal support from the first and massing against him the people of a section of the province, in which he had every reason to believe his government

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## THE WAY OF LIFE.

(t. John G. Ervine, in the 'Nation,' London.)

As when a traveller, setting forth,  
Is mocked by sudden rain;  
And knows not whether to go on  
Or turn him back again—  
So I, with hesitating mind,  
A way of life do strive to find.

And as the traveller distraught,  
Beneath broad-hanging trees,  
Seeks for a while from wind and rain  
A little sheltered ease—  
So I, by questionings oppress,  
Seek for some quiet place to rest.

And as the traveller, knowing not  
The storm has long time ceased,  
Because the rain has pierced the leaves  
Believes the storm's increased—  
So I in quiet places find  
There is no rest for troubled mind.

And as the traveller, passing on  
In due time gladly sees  
That what he thought was growing storm

Was scurrying rain drenched trees—  
So I my way of life do find  
By leaving shelter far behind.

The first days of December are tip-toeing on the threshold as I write. A spirit of unrest is beginning to take possession of me.

It is the Christmas lure. At first it makes itself felt in quite little things, mere touches on the chords of memory and association.

Comes a day, for instance, when there is a shrewd nipp in the air, and

the crown of Winter. Or it may be the warm glow of red windows blinds or the ring of your own footsteps on a frost-bound highway.

Later, there are shop windows which are the very epitome of Christmases. Little pyramids of figs and dates and prunes on a glistening, snowy foundation, with a great deal of crimson the background. A row of wide glass bottles filled with candied peel, and spices, and other scrumptious good things that go into the making of Christmas cakes and puddings. Farther back tins and baskets of fancy biscuits and sweets and tempting dainties. In between, cunning conceit, are dolls and toys and cheap gifts, with here and there a sprig of holly to complete the picture and stimulate the purchaser.

To those to whom these lures of the appetite have little or no charm, there are yet other wiles. Every man, woman and child has his or her weakness. Now begin anticipatory articles in the newspapers on the merry festival and its proper celebration. The magazines devote special columns to suitable Christmas gifts, decorations. Appeals for aid to make less happily situated mortals happy on this one day, fairly deluge one. Good-natured fussing and scrambling becomes the order of the day in the stores. The streets and cars are crowded. All these things conspire to stir the pulse and quicken feeling. And if there are churls who are still obstinate, there come the strongest lures of all—vague wishfulness to turn people on a wider footing of good will and friendliness, or the sight



"Eucharis," by Lord Leighton.

the mind swings back to recollections of Christmases I have known and loved. Scrunchings of frosted side-walks in the early morning, the shrieks of joy from lusty-lunged boys on near-by rinks. Letters full of descriptions of the preparations for Christmas dinners. Tentative questions from friends as to what I like most. These are things which first whisper of Christmas not as an approximate event so much as a season that must inevitably come.

Little things, these strong lures which draw one back to love of Christmas—clear-glowing coals in the open grate, the sight of bare branches and scurrying figures.

And when these baits have done their work come other stronger lures. Berried holly, Christmas cards tentatively displayed in frost-spangled windows. Post and express offices display printed notices which direct you to post, at an early date, mails destined for England and for all ports. And there are things which have no especial connection with Christmas day more than any other day in the winter, which still throw your thoughts into the groove which has that one day at its end.

It may be some red-cheeked boy his toque tassel bobbing along at extra merry race, whistling as he goes home at twilight; it may be a wee girl her nose pressed flat to a toy shop window; a woman sewing happily away by the fireside, that causes your mind to revert to that day which is

of a Christmas tree reminiscent of ones you used to have at home. The unlooked-for pressure of a friendly hand. Of such things as these is Christmas made.

Let the lures do their work. Throw open the doors of your heart and let the Christ-child, and his joy, take complete possession. You may be cynical when it is all over. You may go back to your counting house as mean and crabbed and exacting as you were before—I, myself, always vow greater firmness next year—but you have had your moment of unselfishness, you have been glad, and your heart has been burning within you. Make no mistake, Children of the Looking Glass, of such hours and moments, is Life made up.

While listening to Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bennett on Friday, speaking to the motion of divorce rights for women, it struck me that as much as rights for women, is there need for a bill providing for the rights of children of a first marriage.

I admit, though I am not as conversant with the provisions made regarding women's rights in such matters in Alberta as I should like to be, that as things are, wives are treated shamefully, set in so far as I can gather, there are equally grave wrongs being perpetrated against the children of many first wives. Why not strive for a bill that would cover both of these abuses?

The first wife, as a rule, is the

hard-working, money-saving, companion of her husband. She is usually the mother of his children. By her labor and unselfishness she generally lays the foundation for his future comfort and affluence. Just as prospects are brightening, and life assumes a rosier outlook, she dies, and shortly a new wife comes in her stead.

The change may have far from happy consequences for her offspring. While many noble, self-sacrificing women have taken over the bringing-up of young families, not their own, and done as much, and more, than their own mothers would have done for them, other cases might readily be cited, where the very reverse has been the case.

The death of the father has further embittered matters. Wife number two has arranged, or caused to be arranged, the finances of her husband so that the children of the first marriage are either cut off entirely, or any participation in the estate is left dependent on her death. Obviously an unscrupulous woman could bring about shocking consequences if left, as she very often is, to her own devices in her matter.

It seems to me that there are so many cases where great injustice is done, that the law should be called in to put very far-reaching affairs out of a woman's power to decide or adjudicate. Children, as well as wives, have rights to an estate. By their mother's labor they have earned them. And I for one, would like to see a bill introduced that would safeguard the one as well as the other.

If any readers have any ideas they think might prove of interest along this line, I should be glad to hear from them.

*Reggie*

Great interests make great motives.  
—Nig.

Idleness has no advocate, but many friends.—Tillinghast.

True commercial success consists in getting means fairly and using them wisely.—Passmore Edwards.

## Labouchere's View of Literary Women

The literary woman must not be confused with the woman writer who merely earns a living, writes Henry Labouchere. The literary woman says often and emphatically that she does not write for money, and only accepts cheques to prevent lowering the standard of wages for what she calls the "wage-earning classes." Nor does she write for the masses but for a select set of friends, who appreciate all that she leaves to their imagination in the hope of being appreciated themselves on similar occasions.

I forgot to which male relative the literary woman owes her literary capacity. In any event a comfortable house, a comfortable income, a French cook, and an hereditary acquaintance with two editors are reasons enough for the publication two or three times a year of what Miss Seward would have called "gems from her pen."

The literary woman takes her vocation very seriously. She talks of the present prostitution of art, of the duty of every writer to write not to please or to earn money, but merely on the principle of art for art's sake.

Her friends tell her that she has an Addisonian touch. Really, her only difficulty is in finding ideas; which she is too proud to borrow from someone else. On these occasions she betakes herself to her boudoir, which is elegantly furnished and hung with chaste engravings. Beautifully bound books lie within comfortable reach of comfortable arm-chairs.

As a student of "atmosphere" she composes her features into a distant expression, fits a new gold nib into a chased penholder, takes several sheets of expensive lavender-dyed paper.

She usually spends the first morning of such efforts in attuning her mind to her subject; for her attention wanders too easily. She finds it attracted by such trifles as a gold-mounted piece of Indian rubber.

er, beautifully typed on best parchment paper, and tied up with green ribbons, the first is entirely Early Victorian. The heroine has cameo-like features and delicate wrists; she blushes like a wild-rose on every possible occasion.

She sprains a slender ankle in the lane behind the church, just as the hero is coming down it. Her hair comes down as he carries her home.

The second recognizes a legitimate change in public taste, and begins "The girl in blue rose suddenly and walked to the window; the man with the long chin followed her with his eyes."

The last one, which is going to be published for a trifling consideration of \$30, makes an unashamed bid for popularity. It begins: "Cecelia gave me a deprecating glance from under her long eyelashes." It ends, "Cecelia, you are a goose." I said, as I folded her in my arms."

The literary woman smiles sadly sometimes as she shakes her head and says she could never make a living out of her work. But that is really her pride and glory, for next to making a handsome income out of your books, there is nothing so pleasant as to be convinced that you are unappreciated.—Henry Labouchere in Truth.

One example is worth a thousand arguments.—Gladstone.

But evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.—Thomas Hood.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hooks with truth, and no opinions so fatally misleading as those that are not wholly wrong.—Colton.

If I am asked, who is the greatest man? I answer, the best; and if I am required to say who the best? I reply, that he who has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.—Sir Wm. Jones.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race, and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble.—George Eliot.

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Old University of Toronto meets all over the continent will rejoice at the news of another Canadian football championship having been annexed. The 16-7 victory over Hamilton in the final match, even in the reading of the newspaper despatches stirs the imagination and the memory of ancient followers of this king of strenuous sports. It recalls that final game of fourteen years ago, for instance, when in the snow at Rosedale, Ottawa and Toronto Universities met in a sudden death struggle, Gleason and Counsell, their respective centre halves, were then in the height of their reputation and those who saw that game will never believe, despite all that they hear about the game under modern conditions, that two players have ever put up such a fight as did these two. Ottawa finally won by the narrowest margin and the students from the Capital made the streets ring that night with the song that they sang so frequently in the nineties "We're champions, again, boys." Since Father Fallon began to progress on his career upward, which has now landed him in the Bishopric of Lon-

players showed what they could do last summer, when the Toronto ingeni were sent to England. It is by trips like these that the game will progress and Canada be brought to the place that it should hold in the Empire's sport. Every effort should be made to bring the British tourists west. With our large English population, the venture would in all probability prove a paying one and no fear need be entertained about western clubs not being able to make a creditable showing.

Just now South Africa is playing in Australia and the reports of the matches fill one with the keenest regret that Canada does not hold the place in the world of cricket that she should as the most important of the outlying parts of the Empire. Why is it that Transvaalers, many of whom were in arms a year or so ago against the Mother country have more of a community of interest with her in sports than have the people of Canada? The problem involved is of the greatest public importance. Playing against South Africa the other day: the South Africans won a great victory, scoring 133 and 507 to 183 and 176 by their opponents. Nourse made 201 and Stricker 146.

Good luck to the Edmonton Merchantile Hockey League. It is off to an excellent start and should furnish us with plenty of real sport, much more enjoyable to the man who wants sport for sport's sake than much that makes greater pretensions. Cover Point.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Neither the intellectual nor the moral character of any person stands stock still.—Charles Read.



## A WASTE OF MATERIAL

Sympathetic Nephew (to aeroplane uncle, who has slipped badly). "Well, it is rotten luck for you, Uncle, hurting yourself like this; falling down the silly old steps, when you've got an aeroplane!"—Punch.

den, Ottawa University stands in danger of forgetting the familiar refrain entirely.

An old football enthusiast, once he starts reminiscing is apt to take up a good deal of space and so has to "curb himself." But while one is the subject of stirring football finals, one can forget that between Ottawa and Queen's, also at Rosedale. This was sixteen years ago, Gleason, Murphy and Shea, the Ottawa halves, were probably the greatest combination that has ever been seen in Canada, and Curtis, captain of Queen's for years, was at centre half for that team, while "Alfy," the mascot, always associated with Curtis, was on the side lines. Each scored a touch down in the first half and for the greater part of the game the score was a tie. First one then the other back division would get away in a rush which promised to carry everything before it, only to come up against an impregnable defense. The situation could not have been more tense, when within a minute or so of time a magnificent punt by Gleason sent the ball behind the Queen's line, the Ottawa forwards following up like a whirlwind and Wilson, full back for Queen's and one of the best that the game has ever seen, was forced to rouge. The championship was won by a single point.

How many of us when we read the report of one of the season's big games sit back and think of scenes like these.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that Mr. O. E. Culbert, a leading lawyer of Ottawa, who has important business to transact in connection with the present sitting of the Alberta Legislature, was the Varsity back-bash and a good one in those days.

The announcement that an English cricket team will visit the United States and Eastern Canada next year is good news. Eastern Canadian

## Music Hath Charms.

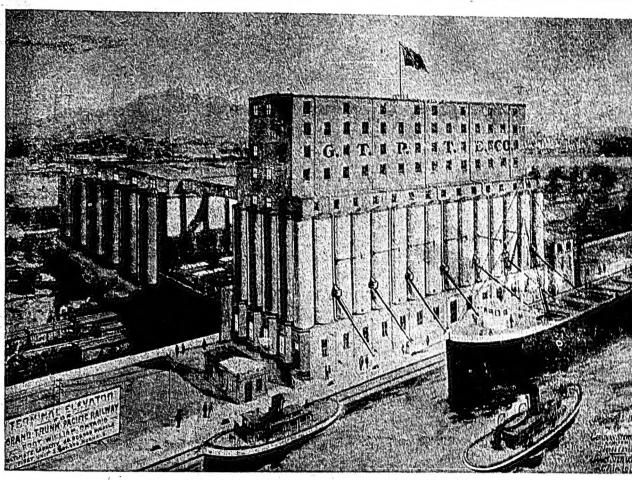
My neighbors all, on Sunday afternoons  
Sit in their drawing rooms to sing and strum,  
Abandoning themselves to hymnal tunes  
Of Pandemonium.  
Blending from all their open windows float  
Distressing melody and tortured note  
Against a hymn which I have no animus  
Per se may be innocent and mild  
But what perturbs and quells my spirit thus.  
What really drives me wild,  
Is the discordant melodies that meet  
At once from all the windows down the street.  
Some use one finger in distressing case;  
Some use all ten with rampant energy;  
Some keep a changeless banging for the bass,  
Ignoring time and key.  
A full chaotic flood of discord comes  
From voice, pianos, flutes, harmoniums.  
Devout yet truly diabolic noise,  
Amarach frenzy of dormanted sound!  
How I do wish these pestilential joys  
Would not so much abound!  
Praying for sweetest silence to assuage  
My outraged soul, my impotence of rage.

"I am afraid the mites will get into my bathing suit," said Maude.  
"It would be a shame," replied Mayme. "The poor things won't starve to death."—Washington Star.

Vicar—James, I have not seen you at church for some months. Does not the voice of duty call to you?

James—May be it do, sir; but since I had the "influenza" last winter, I've been as deaf as a post-M.A.P.

Right principles will by no means fit wrong practices.—Punshon.



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## NO KINGLY ENTANGLEMENT.

King George has been provoked at last into replying, through his secretary, to an oft-repeated tale what years ago his Majesty contracted a morganatic marriage. "This outrageous lie," says the London correspondent of the Liverpool Courier, "has obtained a long start, and it is difficult to overtake, but it is to be hoped that we have heard the last of it now that Sir Arthur Bigge has denied it in terms which admit of no possible misapprehension."

"You have my authority for stating," Sir Arthur says, "in whatever manner you may think fit, that King George was never married, morganatically or otherwise, until July 6, 1803, when, as Duke of York, he married Princess Victoria Mary of Kent, her present Majesty. Moreover, nothing in his Majesty's life could give the slightest ground for the conception of such a cruel and wicked lie."

In view of this definite statement, the action of a Sunday paper in offering a reward of £1,000 to any person who can afford proof whatever of the truth of the story will probably be withdrawn. The offer is somewhat open to misconception, and when the editor made it he does not appear to have been in possession of Sir Arthur Bigge's indignant refutation. It seems that Socialistic scandalmongers have been spreading the slander in the parks, and the journalistic reward was offered in order to prevent further disgraceful aspersions in public places.

This is not the first time that the King's integrity has been openly defended. A few months ago the Archbishop of York described King George as a "man of regular, disciplined, and abstemious life, and an example to every man," while Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, denounced the rumors as "absolute fiction."

Devout yet truly diabolic noise,  
Amarach frenzy of dormanted sound!

How I do wish these pestilential joys  
Would not so much abound!

Praying for sweetest silence to assuage  
My outraged soul, my impotence of rage.

"I am afraid the mites will get into my bathing suit," said Maude.

"It would be a shame," replied Mayme. "The poor things won't starve to death."—Washington Star.

Vicar—James, I have not seen you at church for some months. Does not the voice of duty call to you?

James—May be it do, sir; but since I had the "influenza" last winter, I've been as deaf as a post-M.A.P.

Right principles will by no means fit wrong practices.—Punshon.

There never was a better lot of titles in new fiction to choose from than the Canadian publishers have put out this season... Among them are the following:

DOCTOR—A well told tale of the South African war... A long novel that can hardly leave till it is finished. Only one man knows who the author is.

THE LOVE OF THE WILD—A story of early Ontario days written by McKinnie, one of Canada's top-notchers.

THE FRONTIERMAN—A thrilling story of the Klondike by H. A. Cody, another Canadian.

THE SECOND CHANCE—By Nellie McClung, the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE—By the author of "The Rosary."

AILSA PAGE—A story of the American civil war by Chambers.

PURCHASE PRICE—By the author of "54-40 or Fight."

THE STAMPERED—A good Klondike story by White.

THE HANDICAP—By Knowles, author of "Attila Guest."

There is a good variety of good titles also by American publishers. And we have put in a few of last season's best sellers. We have Servais' books

SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH—BALLADS ON A CHEECAHO

in handsome oceo call binding as well as good cloth bindings.

RALPH CONNOR—A very well written little Christmas book in fancy parchment cover. A cheap, neat gift.

FANCY XMAS BOOKS—A very pretty assortment of little books by good writers at 25c. each.

A larger, better bound book at 6c. each in a box.

BUSINESS MAN'S CALENDAR—The best set of texts we have seen. 52 sheets with an excellent motto on every sheet. Each in a box, 50c.

To chase the wolf, to stalk the deer,  
Or his own acres to survey;

But now lies nameless, slumbering  
near

The homestead Nature claims to-day?

What tragedy is this I guess:

This solitary grave, that but  
Abandoned in the wilderness,  
With none to ope the door he shut?

William T. James, in Toronto Star.

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Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pens



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## Home and Society

I find it very hard to write of social news this week, with so much of real moment doing at the foot of the hill in political circles. Tea parties are all very well in their way, but are too much of a sameness. A little variety adds that spice to life we are all eagerly searching for. And they have had it, and to spare, at the Legislature during the past few weeks. Caucuses and secret meetings, fires, feasts, and speechifying galore. Every afternoon the House has been crowded to the doors, women being present in almost as great numbers as men. The women indeed are much the hotter politicians of the two, and tea struggles and bridge parties have taken on quite a political tone of late. I heard of one rousing scrap between two men, after the post office gathering. And I know two women, friends of mine, who, though the night was bitter, and the meeting an out-of-door one, stayed through it all, and were the most excited of the lot.

In Capital centres fighting generally runs very high, also grows up among the women an interest in political matters, not usually the case. I see this tendency developing very rapidly in Edmonton. It means that in time, we shall have a political, as well as a University set, and it is interesting to watch its evolution.

The little spat between Bennett and the Speaker on Friday was watched with keen interest from the side chairs, and more than one woman freely expressed her sentiments on the matter.

One may think what one will of R. B. Bennett as a man and a politician; opinions differ, but as a consistent scrapper, a hard hitter, and for bulldog tenacity of purpose, there is not a man in Albertan politics who can hold a candle to him.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of Edmonton at least, hostesses have of late, had to consider who should be asked with whom. It is very disagreeable. Dinner parties, small teas, matinee bridges—all have had to be arranged with an eye to who were, and were not, congenial. So are the ways of Ottawa descending on this little Capital out-of-the Empire.

To your books, dear ladies, to master the rudiments of how political hostesses manage these ticklish matters.

Mrs. Shibley will receive on the first Tuesday of the month at her suite, No. 37, in the Wize Block.

Mrs. Forin was the hostess of a large tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Smith will resume her dinner reception day, the 2nd Monday in the month.

Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald is giving a tea this Friday afternoon to present her daughter, Miss Joan Macdonald, who has been at school in Paris for a number of years, and has just come home to make her bow to society.

Mrs. H. A. Mackie received for the first time on Wednesday afternoon, when a large number of callers paid their respects.

Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie of MacLeod, who with her husband has taken the Henderson residence on 30th Street for the session, cancelled the reception she was to have had on Wednesday owing to the thidness of the serious illness of her mother.

The Alberta Mounted Rifles of A Squadron will hold their second annual dance in the Separate School Hall on the evening of December 12.

Mrs. D. S. McKechnie, 656 Ottawa Avenue, was the hostess at a delightful tea on Tuesday evening, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Craig, of Lethbridge. Her cosy little cottage looked so warm and inviting the frosty afternoon. The dining room being decorated in red and white. The table was a lovely arrangement of red and white carnations on a dainty centerpiece, red satin streamers and the softly shaded lights adding to the pretty effect.

Mrs. B. Lawton, modestly gowned in a soft shade of rose served the tea, and Mrs. W. G. Walford in an embroidered pale blue silk, presided over the ices. The hostess looked very bright and attractive in a white gown and gave her numerous guests the kindest of welcome, while the guest of honor wore a strikingly becoming black tailored costume.

Mrs. I. S. Cowan will hold her post nuptial reception next Tuesday, the 6th December, at her home in the Rene La Marchand Mansions, Suite 35.

"Glencoe" was the scene of three very beautiful gatherings during the seven days.

On Sunday, Mrs. Macdonald had a party for her wee girls and boys for a party in honor of her little daughter, Kathleen, who was four years old on that day. Such a perfectly splendid party, and every guest a perfect beau and beauty. Even royal mothers had to acknowledge I never saw, indeed, so many lovely little children at one gathering. You could have them dark or have them fair, though the latter were in the vast majority. Had you a preference for dark eyes and golden hair, or a strictly Brunette type, there they were, rosy of cheek, appealing child grace, like a great shower bouquet of the most exquisite flowers.

Of course each mother thought "her's" the sweetest, which is a dear way mothers have—but all agreed that not one of them but had their good points.

The little frocks too were all very charming, and pink bows and blue bows, and adorable plump little legs encased in saucy little socks, were admired by the young gentlemen present with the most flattering and earnest attention.

The mothers were there in full force—also a few stray fathers, but of them I have opportunity to speak.

The dainty graceful little hostess looked very sweet in a French frock, with great pale blue ribbon bows, while her sturdy young brother, Garth, did the honors of the house with much dignity. The birthday gifts were many and varied, but the feature of the day was when the youngsters trooped into "the party" and found a table laden with gifts and goodies and tattered over by three gift-laden Christmas trees, from which each received some token, dear to a child's heart. There was a scrumptious birthday cake which the wee girl cut herself, assisted of course, by her mother, who I need hardly say is one of the kindliest.

est and most thoughtful of hostesses, jins, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. J. D. Harris and—was with the greatest reluctance that the little "not-outs" including weenies Jimmy Wallbridge, could be induced to don their many gavels and deport for home a.

On Tuesday Mrs. Macdonald had a matinee bridge, five tables engaging in play, a number dropping in later for a cup of tea.

Mrs. Macdonald received her guests in a smart black and white striped voile frock, with dainty Baby Irish lace accessories, Miss Kerr, who assisted her sister in doing the honors of the house, was in a most becoming gown, with pipings of green.

The cosy room looked very inviting in the soft glow of many candle-lights, a fire burning cheerily in the hearth, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves immensely in these pleasant surroundings.

Mrs. Richard's carried off the first prize, and Mrs. J. D. Harrison the second. Tea was served in the handsome dining-room, everyone going out informally to gather round the festive board. Mrs. Metcalfe and Mrs. Brunton dispensed the tea and coffee and Mrs. Duncan Smith the ices. Among those engaged in play

I remember, Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Mrs. James Biggar, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Spratt, Miss Crosskill, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Ponton, Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Slocock.

Among those who came in for tea and bridge I noticed Mrs. Caulley, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Kerr, of Strathcona, Mrs. T. W. Lines, Madame Cote, Mrs. Pate, Mrs. Soars, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Gifford, Miss Hayes and Mollie Cauchon.

(Continued on page 5)

## Mr. Alexander Stuart

BARRISTER

Solicits your vote and influence for election as

## ALDERMAN

for the City of Edmonton for 1911.

## Mr. T. M. Grindley

Solicits your influence and support at the forthcoming election for

## Alderman

The floral decorations, of the beautifully laid luncheon table, were crimson roses in handsome cut-glass vases, with silver, crimson-shaded candles the cloth being a finely embroidered one of grass linen.

Covers were laid for twenty-two, the guests being Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Cobbett, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Bourchier, Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Spratt, Miss Crosskill, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Ponton, Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Slocock.

On Thursday this indefatigable hostess was again at home, this time at a bridge-luncheon, when she wore a charming gown of Maltese lace and touches of pink, and Miss Keir had on a handsome toilette of mauve satin, with a biscuit colored net over-dress, Maltese lace and strappings of satin, caught with buckles of brilliants.

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THE **KODAK** as a pleasure  
HAS NO EQUAL maker

Call and secure one of our catalogues and make your Xmas purchasing easy.

We have just received a shipment of very attractive  
**1911 CALENDAR MOUNTS** all sizes

A photographic print attached to one makes a very pretty **XMAS CARD**

WE CARRY the finest assortment of **CHOCOLATES** in the city.

**GEO. H. GRAYDON** King Edward Pharmacy 260 JASPER AVENUE, EAST

### HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Four)

Mrs. Cautley entertained four ladies at bridge at Belton Lodge on Tuesday night, receiving in a very pretty gown of mille green silk, colline, with some lovely silver dress touches on the coke and sleeves.

This hospitable home was, always, a delightful rendezvous for such an evening, and the guests enjoyed a merry game and a delicious supper at the close.

The guests included Dr. and Mrs. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Miss Kerr, Mrs. Nightingale and Miss Hudspeth, Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Ponton, Mr. and Mrs. Frith, Mr. Culbert, Mr. Wallace Macdonald, Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, and Mr. Harry Hellwell.

The honors were carried off by Mrs. Wallbridge and Mr. Hellwell.

I hear that Mrs. Pardee is feeling slightly better, and is getting able to be around again after an unusually severe attack of Grippe.

The Skating Club held its first meeting on Monday night, when quite a good crowd turned out, eager for a first skim over the ice. Mrs. Davies, who with her brother, did some beautiful fancy figures early in the evening, came a bad crop towards the close, but was very plucky about it. As Miss Haycock, she and her brother were known as the two best skaters in Ottawa—a fairly large order, when it is considered, how exceedingly many good skaters there are at the Dominion Capital.

Mrs. Scord left on Tuesday for a fortnight's visit to the Coast.

Mr. Sydney Woods sailed from London, November 20th, for home.

Mrs. T. W. Lines had a smart little tea on Tuesday, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Burroughs, who is here on a visit.

Madame Belcourt of Ottawa, an extremely smart and fascinating woman, sister of Mrs. Tom Davies, and wife of the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, was an interested spectator at Mrs. Donald Macdonald's children's party on Saturday. I understand she returned east early in the week.

Mrs. Dorothy Dickey is away to Ottawa for a visit to Miss Anna Oliver.

The Ladies' Musical Club meet in the Separate School Theatre for their second concert this Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall entertained at several dinners during the past week, on Monday having covers laid for twelve.

Mrs. Marshall received in a pretty gown of soft old rose satin, and Miss Jean McNaes, who assisted her, a dainty little figure in girlish white.

The table was beautifully decorated with white roses and carnations, and those who were present included Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall, Mr. Cote, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt and Miss Peel, a sister-in-law of Sir G. W. Ross.

The Premier is giving a series of four Thursday dinners to the Cabinet and the Members of the Legislature, beginning last Thursday when

Freshly Roasted.

**National Blend Coffees**

Smooth

Rich

Ground Daily

Heavy Bodied

Tell us the kind you want.

Fifteen blends in stock.

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covers were laid for twelve, the decorations of the table being crimson roses and ferns, with handsome silver candle-lights, and another this Thursday, when the table was done in crimson carnations.

At the Speaker's dinner in the King Edward Grill on Tuesday, I hear the floral decorations, and arrangements were superb.

In the centre of the room was a great mound of ferns and palms, the tables radiating round this piece of resistance, five being seated at each, with the Speaker's table at the head of the room.

The flowers were simply magnificent, yellow mums, roses, and carnations being employed in prodigal fashion, while trailing waxen similes added its touch of cool, sweet green, bouquet, and the dinner was a triumph of culinary art.

I hear that George B. O'Connor made the speech of the evening. I am sorry the —— League won't let him have his glass house—it is so obviously unfair, but jealous gallants would be sure to throw stones, so perhaps it's better so.

Mrs. Freeman Stanley will receive on Wednesday, December 7 and on the first Wednesday of each month at 24 Le Marchand Mansions.

Mrs. Murray Miller will receive on Thursday next, at 535 Thirteenth Street.

There will be an exhibition of rare old Sheffield silver, antique furniture, and quaint old brass at 485 Eighth Street, on Saturday afternoon and all day Monday.

**THE POLITICAL SITUATION.**  
(Continued from first page.)

year's failure to meet the interest changes.

A more arbitrary and unjust proceeding has never before been attempted in the history of our institutions. It is opposed to all sense of what is right and fair, but what is more, it is certain to involve us in legal complications that will land us no one can tell where. As Mr. Bennett pointed out so clearly, the banks could not hand over money that belonged to an individual, simply on the government's order, without rendering themselves liable to being sued for the amount. And there is the international issue which will be created. Citizens of the United States as well as citizens of Great Britain, have recourse to their government to secure redress from an injustice at the hands of a foreign power and there is no doubt that federal and imperial authorities, when appealed to, would not fail to intervene.

The alarming character of the situation cannot be overstated and it

is a matter of the utmost importance that a sufficient number of members of the Legislature should realize what a responsibility rests upon them. In the face of such an issue, surely they will not be governed by petty party and personal considerations.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

(Continued from page one.)

said, quite made way for me as I passed. It was like the opening of the Red Sea, which I now perfectly believe from experience. Even well-dressed people stopped to look at me."

Henry Bulwer tells us a similar story of a certain dinner. "Disraeli," he says, "wore green velvet trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, low shoes, silver buckles, lace at his wrists, and hair in rings."

While Disraeli was serving his time as clerk in a solicitor's office, a lady client appeared one day, and told him he had too much genius for the place he was occupying. But, we are told, Disraeli did not marry the lady, and speaking of the incident himself he said: "We were good friends. She married a Devonshire gentleman, and was the mother of two general officers of whom we heard a good deal in the Zulu War of 1879, and whom I employed as a Minister! She is life!" added Disraeli.

Later on we are told she story of Disraeli's meeting with the lady who did actually become his wife, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. His first impression was that she was "a pretty little woman," but "a flirt and a rattle, gifted with a vulgarity, I should think, unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she was 'silent, melancholy men.' I answered 'that I had no doubt of it.'

In connection with the biography we are given this estimate of Disraeli by Morley:

"We do not forget that one who began his career by so much literary extravagance, yet, when he came to the great business of his life, the creation and working of a powerful political party, showed himself cool, shrewd, patient, far-sighted, practical, full of tactical resource, a consummate master of the fatiguing art of managing men, and then too, the kind of men to whom he was, not by chance only, but by temperament and the deepest habits of his mind, a chartered alien."

#### TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF EDMONTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen: — In submitting my name for election to the City Council I do not advance any elaborate platform.

I shall, if elected, do my best to further the interests of the City and

all its citizens as the questions arise for consideration.

Prosperity will come to the City with the development of the North and North West Country by railway extension and land settlement, and I favor the use by the city of all its influence properly directed to have these objects accomplished.

I shall favor the adoption of whatever means will tend to secure to each individual an equal share in the prosperity which the City and the country may enjoy.

I shall favor the adoption of such measures, municipal and legislative, as will prevent corporations whose prosperity was founded in monopoly from retarding the uniform development of the city and of all its utilities, and increasing its own wealth by the labor and enterprise of others.

When our present reasonably equitable system of taxation is sought to be improved it should be based more distinctly on the principle of causing the necessary burden of taxation to impose on each individual the "minimum of sacrifice."

The greatest municipal encouragement should be given to technical education so that the highest skill in the useful arts, the methods of production and transportation, the basis of all wealth should be attained by the youth of our City.

I favor the rigid adoption of all measures which will tend to prevent the growth in our new City of that is the blight of all older and larger cities, the unsanitary and unsightly condition of the congested quarters.

I favor the greatest possible municipal encouragement of all voluntary organizations designed for the beautification of the City, advancing its prosperity, caring for the sick, the neglected and helpless, guiding and controlling the untutored, the incapable, and the vicious, and lessening the dire evil of intemperance.

I look with favor on proposed efforts to prevent the great railway corporations from destroying the symmetry of the City and impeding communication from one part of it to the other without expensive subways and viaducts.

Nuisances and obstructions to growth in the east end should be removed, and better communication with the south established for that part of the City.

I believe in complete representative and responsible government in the City, as well as in the state. The Mayor, as the elected and responsible head of the City, must be the chief commissioner, enjoying the advantage of skilled assistance responsible to him and the council as they are to the people.

Details I leave till the questions are brought up for consideration.

Yours sincerely,  
ALEX STUART.

1st December, 1910.

## EMPIRE

### THEATRE

W. B. SHERMAN, Manager,  
Phone 2185.

### TONIGHT

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 1-2-3  
Special Ladies' and Children's  
... Matinee Saturday, ...  
THE PARTELLO COMPANY  
Presenting the Great Western  
Railroad Drama

"The Love Route"  
Prices —Evenings, Reserved  
seats 75c. and \$1.00; Gallery  
50c. Matinees: Children 25c.,  
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Evenings 8.30, Matinees 2.30.

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W. B. SHERMAN, Manager,  
Phone 1843.  
"Home of Musical Comedy"  
HUNT'S MUSICAL COMEDY  
CO.

Presents  
THURS., FRI., SAT.  
The original Musical Comedy  
Success:

The Follies of 1910  
Two Performances Nightly.  
Matines Daily.  
Prices—Evenings, 35c., 50c.  
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## Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Company

### AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Thursday **DEC. 15&16**  
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In Original Comedy in 4 Acts

## "The Liars"

[By Henry Arthur Jones.]

## BARGAINS FOR SATURDAY

Every week we clear out some lines at prices away below the usual. These goods are all of the best quality—new and up-to-the-minute in style. No matter how cheap we sell you can always depend on quality and our guarantee of satisfaction.

### SHIRTS

Odd lines of Negligee Shirts worth up to \$1.75, Saturday Special Price only 99c

### GLOVES

Men's fancy all wool Ringwood Gloves, price 35c pair, Saturday special price only 19c

### TIES

An elegant assortment of Ties worth up to 85c, Saturday we are clearing out the bunch at only 35c.

### MONARCH SHOES

Every Shoe in the store from the finest Knights to the heaviest Box Calf will be marked down on Saturday. Our shoes are all Goodyear Welted guaranteed, and are one of the finest fitting shoes made. We have them in Tan, Vici, Patent and Winter either with or without leather lining.

**All \$5.00 Shoes for \$4.00**  
**All \$5.50 Shoes for \$4.00**  
**All \$6.00 Shoes for \$5.00**

### UNDERWEAR

A heavy all wool unshrinkable underwear, regular \$1.75 per suit, Saturday, our special price only 69c a garment.

## AITKEN & FULTON

Men's Furnishers.

404 Namayo Avenue

## Music and Drama

### At a Matinee.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
Her eyes were soft and deep; her graces

Were such as are vouchsafed to few;

She had one of the fairest faces

To which a glad breeze ever blew;

I sat behind her and her mother;

The curtain had not yet been raised;

They talked so much, each to the other,

That I was dazed.

The curtain finally ascended,  
The lights upon the stage were bright;

The scene was wonderfully splendid, did,

I viewed it with a keen delight;

I tried to learn just what the drama

Hinged on and what its meaning was,

But still they talked, she and her mamma

Without a pause.

There were three acts, of that I'm certain,

The programme pointed the fact out;

The star was called before the curtain,

I don't know what he spoke about,

His speech may have been French or Russian,

It was all meaningless to me,

For they continued their discussion incessantly.

The only line that I remember

Of those I heard that afternoon

Are these: "She left him last September";

"They'll probably announce it soon";

"She told me not to tell you, even"

"My silk ones are all full of holes,"

Yes, last night, just as he was leaving in—

Bless their souls!

department last week on Miss Stead's entry upon a stage career, in the course of which it was recalled that her father, W. T. Stead, once said that he would rather see a daughter of his dead than on the stage, recalls to a reader this story in regard to the evangelist Moody and his daughter, during Moody and Sankey's campaign in Glasgow. Miss Moody, it was said, attended the theatre one evening instead of going to her father's meeting. Next morning, when she came to the breakfast table, Mr. Moody said: "Good morning, daughter of Satan!" and the young lady responded, "Good morning, father!"

Regret has frequently been expressed that the Alberta Musical Festival was too much of an Edmonton affair.

It has always been held in this city and the competitors have, with a few exceptions, come from north of Calgary.

In Saskatchewan, on the contrary, it is held each year in a different city and all compete. To make the event more thoroughly provincial in its character, the Edmonton committee this year suggested that it should be held in Calgary, and managed by the musicians of that city. At first it looked as if the proposal would work out successfully. But word has now been received that the southern city cannot handle it and that the Edmontonians must do it again. This is unfortunate, but it is to be hoped that at least Calgary will be well represented in the contests. The festival has done the cause of music all kinds of service and is thoroughly deserving of the support of all Albertans.

The Edmonton Philharmonic Society has decided not to produce this winter "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," on which it has been working. It has been adopted instead for the



Chivalrous Party: "Old yer blooming rah, an' give the old geyser a charm, cawn' ye?"

Performer (tearfully): "Thank ye, sir. (Sniff.) Ye're the only gentleman in the 'ouse."—Punch.

This is from the New York Sun, of course date.

Pausing in a concert tour, Mme. Melba arrived at the Plaza yesterday from Chicago to rest for a few days. Before singing on Thanksgiving night, in the first of a series of four performances in which she will take part this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. The second will be on Tuesday night of next week, and the others on December 12 and 16.

Mme. Melba was full of enthusiasm over her tour, especially the Canadian part of it.

"There are some wonderful new towns in Canada," said Mme. Melba. "I went west as far as Edmonton. I think of a place that is only between four and six years old and which was able to give me an audience of 2000 people!"

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Festival and its production by the combined choirs will be the feature of the annual event.

While the holding of Earl Grey's dramatic and musical competition at Winnipeg next Spring is a boon to western amateurs, who found the trip to the east too expensive to be practicable, it is creating corresponding difficulties for eastern competitors.

Fearing that they cannot spare the time nor stand the expense, the members of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra say that they will be unable to go to Winnipeg.

For three years in succession they have won this coveted trophy, twice under the name of Canadian Conservatory of Music Orchestra, first at Ottawa, then at Montreal, and last year as the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra when they carried off the prize when the competition was held in Toronto. The trip to Toronto cost over \$1,000, and it is figured that the journey to Winnipeg would mean an expenditure of \$5,000, there being fifty seven in the orchestra. It is rumored, however, that some wealthy citizens will, at their own expense, stand the organisation of the Winnipeg

The London Daily Mail contains a very readable sketch of the leading British composer of the day, Sir Edward Elgar, a new concerto by which was recently played by Fritz Kreisler at the Philharmonic Society's annual.

"The personality of Sir Edward Elgar" says the Mail "dominates English music to-day, and yet at the first glance you would never take him for a musician. There are none of the traditional trappings of the composer about him—no long hair, or

velvet coat, or flowing tie. Such things he despises as affectations. One should be a man first and a musician afterwards, so he thinks. With military-looking moustache, you would probably set Elgar down as a retired colonel or a distinguished lawyer or politician — anything, in fact, but a composer. And yet a second glance will make you feel that you are looking at a very remarkable face—the face of a great thinker, with the eyes of a visionary. Such is Elgar to the outside; to describe the man as his friends know him would require many pages. To

strangers he appears as a reserved almost taciturn man, but there never was a more charming and genial companion to those who know and understand him."

"It is obviously impossible,"

continues the article "to attempt anything like a final estimate of Elgar's ultimate position as a composer. But

an English musician has ever attracted so much attention, both at home and abroad. He is the composer of the day whose new works are awaited

all the world over with eagerness. Individuality and sincerity are the two great essentials of his music.

From every page of his music one can tell its authorship, and every page we feel is written as the outcome of a genuine emotion, and not in any way manufactured. In some

ways Elgar has not been an innovator in music, and has not opened up new spheres like Strauss or Debussy.

He has been content to take the musical apparatus largely as it was left by his predecessors. But with his he has created music that is entirely individual to himself. You can,

indeed, always recognize Elgar's melody and harmony at once. He has been sometimes accused of a Mendelssohnian tinge and of Wagnerism, but there was never very much truth in the charge.

"Possibly Elgar's greatest ori-

ginality has been shown in his writing to the orchestra." In this respect he stands unequalled by any composer past or present. His knowledge of instrumental technique and effect and his sense of orchestral colour are remarkable, and his scoring is wonderfully brilliant and quite individual to himself. From early days Elgar has always had this mastery of orchestral effect, and some of the writing in his earlier works is quite as brilliant as anything in his latest creations.

"When Brahms died it was said

that the line of 'classical' composers had come to an end. But Elgar

during these past few years has been

working more in line with the great

succession of composers from Bach

to Brahms. His symphony and now

the new concerto stand alone as be-

ing classical and yet most modern."

### The Passing of Pumpkin Pie.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Grandmother's pumpkin pies, with crisp crust, and without too much of that inedible ginger in the mushy part, were good. But no city pumpkin pies are good. They are so full

of ginger that they offend the educated palate. They have lumps in them, too, usually. They are not

baked so that a fine dry skin forms

over the soft part of the pie like an

upper crust, holding in all the lusciousness. There are no good pumpkin

pies in the restaurants or in the hotels.

Our "baked" girl does not

make good pumpkin pies.

Our friend's wife, who is very proud

of her culinary skill, does not make

good pumpkin pies. There are no

good pumpkin pies in all this tem-

pering city.

Rest is not quitting the busy career; Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

John S. Dwight.

Habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim, becomes flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing; it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is but a tissue of habits.—Amiel.

### TELL THE PUBLIC THE REASON WHY

Quebec Man Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Of Rheumatism, Gout and Diabetes he wants other sufferers to have the benefit of his experience.

Rousseau Mills, Portneuf Co., Que., Nov. 28. (Special)—"Tell the public Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Gout, Rheumatism and Diabetes." These are the words of Serafin Carpenter, of this place.

"For ten years I suffered," Mr. Carpenter continues. "Then I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and decided to try them. From the first they relieved me and now all my Gout, Diabetes and Rheumatism have entirely left me.

"I want others to know what cured me, because I do not want them to suffer as I have suffered."

There are thousands of just such living proofs in Canada that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney Disease. If you take the cure early you will cure it easily and quickly and you will be saved much suffering.

If you have neglected it and let it reach its more dangerous stages, such as Gout, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. They never fail.

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Cup and Saucer, . . . \$6.00

Punch Bowls, Salad Bowls, Art China, 3 piece tea set, from . . . \$45.00 to \$55.00.

Waste, \$5.00, \$6.00, all beautiful Hand Painted China.

Call in and see us. We will be glad to show you our goods and you will be surprised at our large stock of Christmas Goods.

Never suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved, and leave them in idleness and vacancy; but be always either reading, or writing, or meditating, or employed in some useful labor for the common good.—A Kempis.

## Christmas Gift

### Suggestions

At no season of the year does one puzzle his or her brain to know just exactly what they may buy for a gift as at Christmas time.

You see much beautiful goods and know not what to buy and that is why we are offering some suggestions to you.

How about some Hand Painted China? We will be glad to show our range of Crown Derby. It is needless to talk at any length on this beautiful ware.

Picard Hand Painted China. We have a beautiful set, with the new ornamental Platman, Individual Pitcher, . . . \$6.50

Cup and Saucer, . . . \$6.00

Punch Bowls, Salad Bowls, Art China, 3 piece tea set, from . . . \$45.00 to \$55.00.

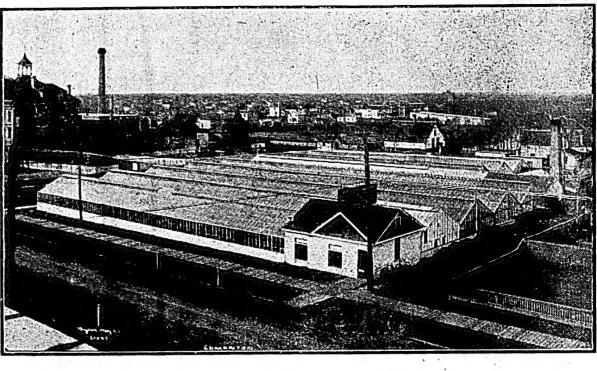
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## For Christmas Gifts



is the place at which to buy those gifts which are most appreciated. What can give your friends more pleasure than a box of lovely flowers; or a beautiful plant in bloom, or a fine basket of plants. Let us have your order early and save disappointment.

Phone 1292

Chivalrous Party: "Old yer blooming rah, an' give the old geyser a charm, cawn' ye?"

Performer (tearfully): "Thank ye, sir. (Sniff.) Ye're the only gentleman in the 'ouse."—Punch.

This is from the New York Sun, of course date.

Pausing in a concert tour, Mme. Melba arrived at the Plaza yesterday from Chicago to rest for a few days.

Before singing on Thanksgiving night, in the first of a series of four performances in which she will take part this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. The second will be on Tuesday night of next week, and the others on December 12 and 16.

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Tickets on Sale at All Stations

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fact to the leader, arranges to introduce John, who, of course, is astounded and delighted to have the great man remember him. Always afterwards he votes straight and hurls the family curses at any son or grandson who deserts the party. Humble individuals who have basked in the rays of a political luminary at certain stages in their careers and then have had the same luminary go by them with his head in the air, are forced to believe that the Star man knows what he is talking about.

How much of life is a frame-up, without our suspecting it? Even the inspiration of the pulpit is open to question. Weather forecasters tell about the many enquiries they receive from preachers as to Sunday's weather. Such an enquiry was made recently and elicited this observation from the weather-clerk to a friend who happened to be present.

"Preachers who are getting ready to write tomorrow's sermon want a forecast of the weather before choosing a text. That doesn't mean that it will prophesy rain they will hash up an inferior prediction to serve out to a handful of the faithful. In most cases the forecaster the storm is stronger than the sermon. A talk that would hit the mark in a storm. A man who has it on his mind to launch a few thunderbolts in regard to eternal damnation ought to do it on a gloomy day. The congregation would be more seriously impressed. I know of a minister who has had that kind of a sermon for eight months, but the weather has been too mild for its delivery. He is holding it back for a blizzard. The first Sunday the wind threatens to blow the roof off I am going up to hear it."

pencil, "that he is in solvent." "Oh yes," cried the wife, a happy inspiration seizing her, "he went over there on the 2:40 train yesterday, and I don't expect him back until to-morrow!"

The gentleman with the well-fed appearance, who had motored over from the nearest town to deliver his lecture, "The Art of Getting On," in the village school-room, concluded with a fine burst.

"Effort is the keystone of success," he said. "The successful man is the man who strives persistently. His motto is, 'Push and keep pushing,' for by that, and that alone, he reaches his goal."

Before the bulk of the audience made much headway with their clapping a small man at the back got in a laugh that might have come from a megaphone.

The lecturer held up his hand for silence.

"You, too, my friend, will have to push," he commenced.

"So'll you, I reckon," interrupted the small man; "there's arf a dozen youngsters been pinchin' the petrol out of yer motor car fer light a bonfire."

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Increasing the Earth's Riches

Teaching by example is a very old principle in the world, for good and for evil; and this is why we should be, as a people, on the alert for good examples, in things social, as well as political, in things educational, in things industrial, and in everything in fact which makes for true progress. But it is undeniable that we Canadians, of the older provinces at any rate, are conservative in our ways in these respects, and are slow to adopt methods or movements to which we have not been accustomed. During the last five or six years, for instance, there have been some remarkable movements in several of the western states for the improvement of agricultural methods, and which have resulted in adding vastly to the wealth of the farmers in those states. But the whole-souled enthusiasm which has marked these movements, in which there was the heartiest co-operation between the state legislatures, the agricultural colleges, the railway companies and the farmers, is something, as yet, particularly western in its spirit and hardly to be looked for in the more staid east. The story of the latest of these movements is told in the November Technical World Magazine, and if we cannot, in this part of the continent reproduce its swing, we can, at least, appropriate, if we will, the principle that was taught. This time a great experiment, a co-operative experiment, was carried out in the state of Iowa, for the purpose of showing, first, that every farmer can easily test his seed corn; next, that every farmer should do so, and lastly, that the seed so selected would vastly increase the corn production of the state without any increase in the acreage seeded. The actual results of this year's experiments have not yet been determined, but the campaign proposed in the spring looked forward to an increase of 100,000,000 bushels, of a cash value of fifty million dollars.

The campaign was started by Professor Holden, of the Iowa State Agricultural College. He broadly planned the bare arithmetic of the question before the people and asked the 20,000 farmers of the state to take the trouble, in the spring to test the seed corn before planting. The test was a simple one. Directions were given for the making of the germination box and a system of numbering given so that the kernels from the good ears could be distinguished from the 'dead' ones. Six kernels from an ear was sufficient for a test, and a single kernel of the six failing to germinate condemned the whole ear. There are about a thousand kernels to an ear of corn, and this is where arithmetic comes in. In the past Iowa farmers have used ears which showed four or five kernels out of six tested, coming out strong and vigorous in the germination box. Yet one kernel out of the six isn't meant that one-sixth of the ears will not grow. Planting three kernels in the hill is there a loss of fifty hills. If only an average of one and a half ears was raised to the hill there would be a loss of a bushel of corn; fifty cents in value, for every ear of seed corn which tested one kernel bad out of six. The campaign in Iowa this spring was to use only such seed corn as tested six kernels strong and vigorous out of every six tried. It was a case of simple arithmetic, but it appealed with force to a great body of intelligent farmers who had already been aroused in a general way to the importance of seed testing.

The daily newspapers and the agricultural papers took it up and then the general managers of five great railway lines heard of Professor Holden's remark, and ran special seed corn testing trains as a result, traversing hundreds of miles of the Burlington, Rock Island, Milwaukee, Great Western and North Western routes. It is estimated that 50,000 farmers attended the seed testing demonstrations given in this way.

The article in question gives other interesting details of the work that is being done in Iowa in the application of scientific principles to the chief agricultural product of the state. But the enthusiastic response of the farmers of Iowa to a seed testing campaign, showing as it does a solid confidence in scientific methods, is the large lesson it conveys for other and more conservative communities. These men are good farmers, but they are convinced that there is always something to be learned. The experiment, it is true, was particularly called for this year, in view of the fact that a good deal of last year's

True Philanthropy

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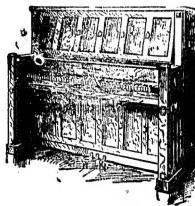
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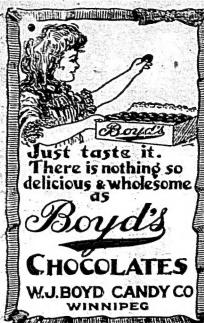
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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.  
(Continued.)

The ability of an athlete to "come back" after a number of years of absence from sport in one of its branches has been discussed over and over again since the famous "go" at Reno last July. The New York Medical Journal takes it up from the scientific side in a very interesting article.

"Whatever the merits of the rumors of crookedness in the latest pugilistic event may be," says the man who writes it, "this much is certain, viz., that idleness, infarctions of the laws of health, and the strain of training demanded and received their full and legitimate toll at the recent fight at Reno.

"Youth will be served," and, while thirty-five is young enough for successful effort in most fields of human endeavor, the athlete of that age is already old. There have been, it is true, exceptions to the rule, Fitzsimmons being a notable example. Fitzsimmons, in his prime, however was little less than a freak of nature—a biological sport. In all my experience with athletics and athletes—a period so long that I would rather not reduce it to figures—I have never met with a physique so remarkable as that of Fitzsimmons. He never was a Sandow, or in any sense a phenomenon, so far as bulk of muscle and mere brute strength were concerned, but he probably had more, better quality, and finer discipline, muscle where he needed it in his somewhat strenuous specialty than any pugilist who ever entered the ring. Above all, he led a very regular life and conserved his physical capital. His achievements and the age at which he accomplished some of them are no more to be taken as a criterion of average athletic capacity than the achievements of the genius are to be accepted as the standard of human brain capacity.

"My late friend, Edward Hanlan, king of the single sculls, once said to me: 'Doctor, the professional athlete finally loses his colors, not because athletes are continually growing better, but because all athletes go back sooner or later. Age tells.' Mr. Hanlan's statement should be accepted as a truism. We do not breed men for athletics and cannot expect a strain of blood which will develop better and better athletes. Improved methods, larger financial rewards, and greater popularity of certain forms of athletics tend to elevate both standards and records, but the average capacity for athletics remains practically the same. The athlete comes to the fore, lays the best there in in front of the shrine, and holds his laurels until he starts on the toboggan slide for the land of 'gone back.' His triumphant successor travels the same road. There are record-breakers, it is true, but they are few in number and do not disprove what I have said. Records, like rewards, stimulate athletic endeavor, but apparently do not improve the average intrinsic capacity of athletes.

"It was poetic justice that Jeffries, who had never before met in the ring a man who could fairly be classed as a match for him, should travel the same road as had the men whom he himself had滑倒 down the slide. Every 'topnotcher' whom he had ever whipped was well on his way to the dead lumber room of pugilism before Jeffries finished the work which Nature had self-maltreated of his once splendid physique, or both, had begun. In the same way another popular idol was smashed at Reno by a younger, stronger man and the public was compelled to learn its lesson over again.

"The athlete who does not get the best out of himself before the age of thirty is exceptional. 'There are just so many battles in a man,' aptly remarked a certain pugilist who chanced to be a patient of mine. This experienced critic might have added: 'There are just so many sessions of training in a man.'

"The work of training is very strenuous. It should draw the best out of a man. He shows the best results who has the most reserve physical force on which to draw. Training goes hard with the man who has no reserve of energy in his physiological bank. He may have stamina enough to put himself in excellent muscular condition yet have no reserve left for emergencies on the day of trial. In the midst of the battle he finds himself a physical bankrupt. Jeffries was whipped by his training before he had ever faced Johnson, as was plain to him who could read between the lines."

"But the most important part of the article is found in the concluding paragraph.

"I have repeatedly stated in my various writings on athletics my opposition to professional athletics of all kinds," we are told. "Athletics



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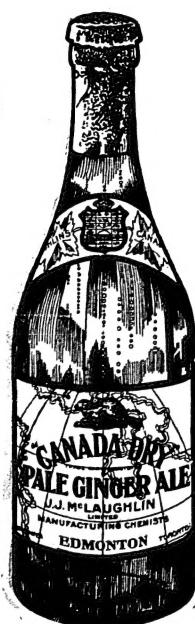
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for health and symmetrical development should be the ideal. Athletes, records are well enough, provided there is no overstrain or imperfection, preparation for events. Amateur athletics, especially boxing, fencing and wrestling should be encouraged, but it will be a gladsome day when professional contests shall be no more. And I am not prejudiced against such contests because I deem them necessary either brutal or brutalizing, but because of their sordidness, frequent dishonesty, and, above all, their absurdity when considered in the light of the proper ends of athletics, health, symmetrical physical development, endurance, self-control. Amateur boxing, fencing and wrestling should be encouraged, especially by the physician. They are not often morally, socially, or, in the long run, even physically elevating. The truth of this state-

come to his rescue in quite a neccesary manner. Mr. G. M. Rommel, the chief of the animal husbandry division of the U.S. department of agriculture, made a very significant statement the other day.

"Horses have done a great deal toward improving breeding," he declared. "The farmers are taking more pride in their stock, and there are more state and county fairs than ever. It is not as easy to get a prize as it used to be, for there is much more competition."

"I should say that the most intelligent breeding in this country is being done in Kentucky, in the Blue Grass region. There they have had long experience, and the farmers are horsemen and understand the principles of breeding and they are good judges of horseflesh too. Practically no draught horses, however, are to be found in that region, and it is just as well that there are not. Instead they use mules. When they have a mare that is not fine enough to breed a good saddle or carriage horse they

higher in price than before the auto came. The people who before the advent of the automobile were the best customers for saddle horses were such as could afford to have both horses and automobiles. When the auto came it drove out the cheaper grades, but the price of the better ones went skyward. There is a better market than ever for the good light horse, and a poorer than ever for the poor one."

## STOPPING LONDON'S TRAFFIC

Lord McNaughi in "The Car."

Five young gentlemen notorious beforetime in the practical joke line were dining together in a club a week or two ago. They began to discuss the nuisances which the continual pulling up of the streets cause to traffic, and, when, as the argument grew acute, one of them made a bet of £100 that he would stop the traffic in one of the main streets of London for a whole day. The bet was taken,

began to ask why and wherefore; and the street was put down again, while a lively correspondence began to pass between the local road authority and eight separate and distinct authorities—"We shall be much obliged if you can inform us by return what authority you, &c." I am told that some of these bodies have returned civil answers, some rude answers, some (these are the Government departments concerned) no answers at all.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE RIEL DIED

Twenty-five years ago today, the career of the half-breed Louis Riel was ended by his execution. From that time onward Canada has enjoyed an uninterrupted peace. There have been insurgents since then, but the battle of Batoche has been repudiated by the battle of the Iroquois. The Fenian Raid of '66, the Red River trouble of some years later, and Riel's final rebellion in 1885 are the Dominion's last memories of actual warfare. The last stand in the valley of the Saskatchewan was the occasion of the despatch of two Toronto regiments to the scene of action—the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers.

Time has passed, as it was bound to do, the Canadian opinion of the misguided men who called Louis Riel from his exile in Montana to assume the leadership of their forlorn cause. Fear that their lands would be taken from them was the ostensible reason of their rebellion. Underneath and beyond that, however, was the hopeless hostility to the march of progress which seems so often to abide in the hearts of the dwellers of the wilderness. They resented the coming of the white man, resented the snake of steel which was gliding across the miles on its long journey from sea to sea, resented the breaking up of wild ways of life and the establishment of new. They met the fate which is common to those who stand in the pathway of civilization.

To read of the hardships which were endured by the forces which crushed the rebellion is an education in Canadian progress. In the twenty-five years which have passed since the leader met his death upon the gallows at Regina, the valley of the Saskatchewan, and all that great territory, summed up briefly in two words, the West, has become a granary of Empire, tapped by a network of railways, and the Mecca of a worldwide immigration. Saskatchewan alone has a population of 350,000 souls, and in eleven years it has produced more than 300,000,000 bushels of wheat.

And what will be the record of the next quarter century in Canada's great West, is a question to which the answer of the most daring optimist might fall far short of the truth.—Toronto Star.

## COSTOLIVING.

Violette—"I suppose, Reggie, that you would sell your soul for a cigarette?" Reginald—"Well, hardly for one. It would take at least two. Prices have gone up terribly lately, you know."—Judge.

## Second Way More Popular.

First Financier—"I made my success by putting my money where I could get my hands on it easily."

Second Ditto—"And I got mine by putting other people's where I could get my hands on it easily."—Puck.

## Horse Show Item

"Going this year to the horse show there?"

"Yes, I've entered a couple of gowns."—Washington Herald.

## Joseph Chamberlain and His Grandson.



An interesting picture from Lady Dorothy Nevill's book of reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns." The photograph is inscribed with the words "To Lady Dorothy Nevill, from an old friend and a new one."

ment is demonstrated by the careers of nearly all professional athletes, and more particularly by those of pugilists."

The truth of this cannot be too strongly impressed, and it applies to many more branches of athletics than those mentioned. How many athletes we hear of, who for a number of years were trained to the last minute, going all to pieces when, for one reason or another, they had to give up. The explanation is not hard to arrive at. They have lived unnaturally and when the time came for getting down to ordinary methods of life, their organisms would not adjust themselves to the change. The lesson is a plain one. We should go into games for the fun of the thing. Herein our English cousins are much wiser than are young Americans. This has been brought out very frequently in connection with international athletic contests, particularly those between the universities on the two sides of the Atlantic.

We have to get away from the gladiatorial spirit if sport is to be all that it should be to us,

brought her to a jack.

"The best draught horses in this country are bred in what is known as the corn belt, which runs from Kansas and Nebraska on the west to Ohio on the east and of which Iowa and Illinois are the centre. There are parts of the east too where they get good draught horses. Frederick and Carroll counties, Maryland, and Loudon county, Virginia, produce just as fine specimens of this kind as are raised anywhere.

"Do I think the automobile is driving out the horse? Well, figures show that horses are not diminishing in fact that there are more horses in the country than ever, I believe, however, that there are fewer light horses. The experience of anyone buying horses seems to bear this out. For instance, the Government finds it extremely difficult to mount its cavalry.

"The automobile, as near as I can ascertain, has driven a great many cheap light horses off the roads, and probably driven some saddle horses out of the cities. But it doesn't appreciably affect draught horses, except the light delivery horses of say 1200 pounds. If the auto has driven out the saddle and carriage horse generally, why is it that these are

and the daring youth set about his task.

He collected some friends and some loafers in the streets, bought some pickaxes, ropes, trestles, and a shelter, saying he wanted them for such a borough council, and proceeded one morning early to a main street in the city. Bally roping off a certain area in the middle of the street, the hero and his ruffians set to work to pick up the stone pavement.

From nine to one the work of destruction went on apace, and no one hindered or even asked a question. The blue-coated guardians of the law assisted in keeping the traffic in order, and was doubtless gratified to learn "What a—bother them—pipes always is."

Lunch time found the foreman and his gang hungry and thirsty, and an adjournment was made to the public house in back street. Thereafter refreshings themselves the workers decided that "a short day and a merry one" was quite enough, and the gang went back to its fate. For none of them ever returned to the disturbed area. For two days the wretched-up blocks of wood lay about untidily, and eventually some obscure local official

# Seventy Nine Years Young

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July 8th 1910.  
I am a seventy-nine year old man, and a great believer in, and user of "Fruit-a-tives". It is the only medicine, and the only exercise I take, and can truly say that "Fruit-a-tives" exercise keep me in my present good health.

Structure of the Bowels, was the principal trouble I had, and I found "Fruit-a-tives" to do me more good than any other remedy. My doctor advised me to take "Fruit-a-tives" and I have done so with the best results.

I have been in business here for a good many years and have been a resident of Ottawa for over 20 years. So that if you think this little reference from me will serve to induce some others to try "Fruit-a-tives" you may freely authorize its publication.

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### BRAINS TOO CHEAP IN THE MARKET

Why is it that Brains Do Not Win Wealth?

Brains are a drug in the market. Yet brains are of the utmost value to every community, and common sentiment admits this to the extent of awarding them nearly every recognition but money (writes Taylor Jenkins, in the *Independent*). The matter is words looking into. It will be well if we may find out why money—why what money buys—is not commanded by men of brains. The ablest men of a community, those who create the ideas that develop, those who plan, accomplish—why are not these men who secure the fruits of their work?—

Admitting that some men of wealth, of power, of position owe their success to brains, it is enough to prove our case that the two classes—the wealthy and the brainy—do not all coincide. The men of money are not all men of brains, and vice versa.

The world's brains are in the heads of the men who do the work—the engineers, lawyers, divines, artists, inventors, administrators. These our common speech recognises as "brain workers." They make our civilisation and maintain it. They greet the laboring ranks. Men of business, of brains, succeed rather by employing their brain workers than by their own hard work, as will be appreciated by all who will consider the relative worth of capital, of brains, and of labor in the business world.

Give me the cash and I can hire the brains so common a saying that it is never disputed, and always accepted as a general principle of business success.

#### Middlemen Make Money.

Brave men neither control the material resources of the globe nor command the highest wages in the markets. The wealthy are those who play the part of middlemen. They are merely a tax on industry and levers of tribute. As common carriers they increase the cost of transportation and absorb the surplus, as traders they intervene between producer and consumer; as owners of monopolies they are parasites upon industry; as brokers they thrive only because industrial methods are crude or clumsy. As for speculators, they are mere gamblers; and in politics the man who grows rich must have used his position rather for his own benefit than for that of the public.

Historian, poet, teacher, theologian, chemist, all are put to it to support their families exactly in proportion to their devotion and single-mindedness in their chosen work.

Everywhere, if we are guided by the price they command from men of affairs, we find that brains are cheap forms of power, for they are mainly either motive power or lubricants.

Mankind's work in the world consists in making, unmaking, or transporting combinations of matter. In all forms of these activities, the vast majority of operations have long been stereotyped, and need no unusual expenditure of thought or activity of brain.

For most of us there is little opportunity to think; we live amid the usual, and only the unusual requires the exercise of the brain power whereby the social philosopher may know the reason for the popularity of brain games, puzzles, detective stories, and other forms of artificial brain exercise.

Poorly-Paid Brains Men. The demand for brain power is therefore, limited, directly by the scarcity of the unusual, the emergence, in civilised life. When the novel situation arises, and brain power is essential, capable men can command a monopoly price, but these occasions are rare in proportion to the volume of civilisation. This explains the rise of able men during times of convulsion, as in revolution or social catastrophes.

Considering the intrinsic value of their service, what classes are more poorly paid than authors, who are the critics and creators of our ideal editors, who sift from the crude material the ore that is valuable; the teachers of morals, whose work outweighs in preservative power that of all the armies, navies, and police of the globe; the statesmen, who keep the nation's honor and insure its permanence; the physician who makes living possible under artificial conditions imposed by civilisation; the poets, musicians, artists—the whole artistic corps—who make life bearable by feeding the imagination, cultivat-

ing romance, rewarding taste, and cultivation.

More and more the world is coming to recognise the value of thoughts and ideals in maintaining even the spirit that leads to material advancement; and these thoughts and ideas are the manufactured product of the brain-workers. Even the veriest Gladgrind nowadays knows that the army of Japan owed its successes to the motive power of the sentiment of patriotism. No millionaire can buy what is freely given to the Emperor of Japan.

#### Cheaply Hired Brains.

Surely no one will contend that the men of most brains are the money-makers of a modern community! We have too many object lessons to the contrary.

No. Brains may be cheaply hired or we should see the rich competing for the services of brain-workers as a ruler; and life shows us the exact opposite—men of brains peddling their abilities among those who have the money to hire their assistance, and vice versa.

Considering their true value, brains are the cheapest commodity in the market.

### GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

(John Morley in the London Times)

It is a curious thing that the adoration of political England should all this time have been divided, though not in equal proportions, between two illustrious men, and governed first by one and then by the other of them, neither of whom she more than half understood or even pretended to understand. Palmerston, for instance, was one of the most plain headed men that ever became prime minister. In his two successive political fortunes brought extraordinary paradox. Mr Gladstone, from the day when he resigned about Maynooth, offered to his most ardent friends endless puzzles. He would have scorned to call himself by any name but Catholic and amid all his vicissitudes was ever the most devoted son of the Church of England. Yet was he the idol of Protestant ultras, the political hero of Scotch Presbyterians and English independents, not to name the small but ardent band of Nationalists, some of whom were his stoutest henchmen to the end.

Disraeli's apotheosis was just as strange. Mr. Gladstone used to tell how one day, sitting on the bench while Disraeli was making a strenuous speech for the removal of Jewish disabilities, Lord John Russell whispered: "Look at the fellow, how manfully he sticks to it, though he knows that every word he says is gall and wormwood to every man who sits around and behind him!" It took him a generation to drive the Ghetto out of the minds of the country gentlemen. He was regarded with a host of nicknames from every quarter indicative of mystery and legerdemain. Yet after some five and twenty years of it a huge majority of English voters at last haled him for first minister. The strange ride stands over.

Meanwhile we do not forget that one who began his career by so much literary extravagance as the present volume recalls, yet when he came to the great business of his life, the creation and working of a wonderful political party, showed himself cool, shrewd, patient, far sighted, practical, full of tactical resource, a consummate master of the fatiguing art of managing men and those, too, the kind of men to whom he was not by race only but by temperament and deepest habits a chartered alien. He grew larger and not less, as time went on, even down to the days of disaster and overthrow in 1868. Those who were in confidential relation with him at that fateful hour have recorded, as the present writer has said elsewhere, how the fallen minister, who had counted on a very different result, faced the ruin of his government, the end of his career and the overwhelming triumph of his antagonist with an undimmed serenity and a greatness of mind worthy of a man who had known high fortunes and filled to the full the measure of his gifts and his ambitions.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them. You tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?

Tommy—No, mun.

Teacher—Why?

Tommy—Cos 'twouldn't be neccesary—Suburban Lit. Co.

You're the waiter, aren't you?" says, sir."

"Well, you'll lose your job if you don't take care. I've been waiting here longer than you hav—"New York Times.

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## THE BUSINESS MAN IN POLITICS

By Dr. Andrew Macphail.

The common demand is for the hard-headed business man in politics. This demand is caused by a thickness of head in those who make it. The prevalent theory of democracy is that a man who may know nothing of anything also necessarily knows all about the science of government; that business is the greatest qualification of a man to deal with all matters of legislation.

I should say, rather, that a training in business was the worst possible qualification for public life; because the ethics of business is love of money, whilst the ethic of politics is love of men. Therefore the two are in direct antithesis. The business man looks at questions in narrow details, not abstractly nor in relation to the well-being of the community. Between these two conceptions a great gulf is fixed.

A man with the characteristics of a trader is not remarkable for the enlargement of mind which alone enables him to deal with questions in the abstract. Political problems deal with the lives of men, and demand for their solution an acquaintance with the whole history of the race and an imagination so surmises the future.

of the United States affords the best illustration the world has yet known of government by business men. When Mr. Lorimer wanted a seat in the Senate he bought it in the market, and a man who buys the people will sell them again. When the insurance companies of New York required legislation in their interests they bought it with money at current rates. When corporations need the protection against their competitors they make contributions to campaign funds. They have even discovered that justice may be made a subject of barter, and that they have entered the courts of law with money-bags in their hands. The Athenians had a wise law that any one who interfered in the assemblies of the people by the infamous practice of purchase, was punishable by death. This application of business methods to politics, as Lock affirms, cuts up government by the roots and poisons the very fountain of public security.

Public affairs are not so simple as they seem. Ignorance is only a little less dangerous than dishonesty. Knowledge and wisdom are only a little less necessary than probity and a nice sense of honor. Engagement

assembly is left to the baser members who are willing to scramble for their bellies' sake.

A university finds no difficulty in filling its chairs with men of fine personal honor and high attainment, because the candidate has the assurance that his merits will be carefully considered, and the struggle is not an ignoble one. If the people were to make a candidature attractive, they would find no difficulty in securing the best men in the community to serve them.

For, in truth, the business of the legislator at his desk is much like that of the professor in his chair. Both are concerned about getting at the rights of the matter in hand, for the sheer pleasure which there is in the inquiry. What is most needed in all democratic communities is an assembly entirely composed of men who make politics a profession, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, men of leisure and of contemplative minds who are not especially concerned otherwise about making a living or at all about becoming rich.

For such there are many inducements in Canada to enter public life. The future of the country lies open for the entrance of good or of evil. The possibilities of doing good are boundless and the people are more ready than ever to listen to an appeal to their interest. They are tired of the farce by which their candidates are chosen for them in some secret conclave.

The requirements of the election

## Toronto's Waterfront in 1862.



The above is a reproduction of a water color painting of Toronto harbor, half a century ago. On the right will be seen the old G.T.R. station, where the Union Station now stands, with the same outdoor conveniences as will be noted in any small town of Ontario today. Behind the station are seen the grounds of Bishop Strachan's Palace. To the left is seen the old Crawford home—that of Hon. John Crawford, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The propeller below it is the original head-quarters of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The propeller latter was built just before the war in which Principal Barron of Upper Canada College had sailed from Cobourg to Toronto, a risk business in those days. The water color is owned by His Honor John A. Barron, K.C., of Stratford, County Judge of Perth, a son of Principal Barron.

Self-interest is a sure guide for business, and a man whose whole life is governed by that principle must be utterly lost in the world of politics where abnegation of self-interest is the first requirement. The difficulty cannot be overestimated of putting new men in this difficulty, I think, which lies at the root of much which is evil in public life. The business man is trained to deal with each situation as it arises applying to it his own experience. When he becomes a legislator, he is guided by the same rule, no matter how honest he may be, rather than by those great principles of reason and equity, and the general sense of mankind, which Burke declares are the only rules by which a legislator may be bound. He is even unaware that such great principles exist, and is apt to deal with the people as if they were employees, who are compelled to submit to a multiplicity of perplexing and teasing regulations.

Although those general statements are true, we must take account of the exception, which Burke also noted, that, while there are business men with the sentiments and abilities of great statesmen, there are also persons in the rank of statesmen with the exceptions and characters of peddlers, knowing even less of politics than they do of business. Political problems are great problems, and are ill-solved by minds accustomed to deal with small things. A business man who would not think his kitchen clock is quite willing to try his hand at mending an act of parliament.

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The requirements of the election



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